TN
140
H7
A6
1880z
GTU
Storage

SIGILL. SCHOLÆ RELIGIONIS PACIFICÆ
COND. A.D. 1924
PRO
VERITATE
ET
REGNO
DEI
CHARLES HOLBROOK LIBRARY
Pacific School of Religion

HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

MEMORIAL

OF

ALEXANDER LYMAN HOLLEY.

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
LIBRARY
1962

I.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

Private Service held at the House, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HYMN.—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

SCRIPTURE.—Psalm XXIII.

REMARKS.—By Rev. Joseph Twichell, of Hartford, Conn.

It is left for me to say a word—the last in his own dwelling—by the side of the remains of our dear friend; and since, lacking a few words from me, no words will be spoken, I may be permitted to say that while in my thoughts and in my heart I can compass, so far as ever we can, the theme of this event of his departure from our midst, I feel wholly unable to compass it in words. It seems the strangest thing in the world, the most impossible thing in the world, that he is dead. They seem incredible words, when they are taken upon the lips, that Alexander Holley is dead, and that we shall see him no more in this world. For a good many years, to me, as to many of us here, he stood as the image of vitality, physically, mentally, and in his affections. He was full of ripe fruit. How active he was! What a vivacity he had! What a spring! What an overflow of animal spirits! What a pleasure it was to meet him! How cordial his greeting was! He was one of those friends whose countenance made your face to shine. It was a joy to come in contact with him. What a sweet and sudden surprise at meeting he would always testify! Is it possible that that great pleasure of life for many of us has been tasted for the last time? Shall we never see

N140
.H7
A6
1880z
66222
MAS
H72
M4

that dancing eye again? Shall we never again hear with joy that cordial greeting? I can hardly believe that he lies helpless in the coffin here before us.

Then, as to his mental activity, we never saw him, in all these many past years, that his mind was not in full movement—in full play; that he was not engaged in a tough, sturdy, mental struggle with some matter on hand, or reaching out in plans which were always for the benefit of mankind—for selfishness had a very small part in his composition. There was a live, a bright prospectus always within him, which he had a cheerful confidence, and with good ground that he could realize; and how many anticipations of his he did realize! I think he could say, as few men can, to God, who endowed him as few men have been endowed, "I have done what I could." God gave him great powers, extraordinary capacities; He gave him a genius for work; and throughout all his working years (indeed they *were* working years), he put forth those powers to the utmost; and that he did with them the best that could be done, stands to his record. It is a glorious record for any man. Is it possible that all this activity of mind is forever stayed, arrested at its very height and prime, and in its mid-career? I do not believe it for a moment; it is impossible to believe it.

Now, as to his life in its affections. Only those (and they are not few) to whom God gave it for a good gift to be in close personal relations with him, can know what an ocean of love his heart was outpouring—*always* outpouring. It was more blessed to give than to receive with him, always. When you met him it was evident that it was he that gave and you that received, liberally. It was perfectly evident that his ruling idea always was to make his meeting with you a pleasure to you as well as to himself. He went through these years of his labor, I believe, with a great interest, in the first place, in the public to which he belonged, and, in the second place, with a deep and tender interest in all those in the private circles to which he belonged, dominant in him; and God has given him to confer unusual benefit and pleasure upon us. He has been a maker of happiness in this world—this beloved man. A great many of us feel that we never can enjoy such a friendship again; our hearts are in his coffin; and a large part of our hearts are going into the grave, never again to live in this world. Oh, that God might make all our hearts and our lives as rich as his has been!

May God comfort those (He alone can do it) who stand most bereaved in this desolate time. May the Lord approach them as He

knows how. May the Lord draw near to them, and by those immortal intimations which He can give, lead them into the region of serene, triumphant rest in Jesus Christ.

HYMN.—"Friend after friend departs."

PRAYER.—By Rev. H. W. Beecher.

HYMN.—"There's a land that is fairer than day."

Public Service held at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROCESSIONAL ANTHEM.—"Fair are these houses, fairer far the dwelling built by the Master."

HYMN.—"Tranquil and peaceful is the path to heaven."

SCRIPTURE.—Psalm XC.

HYMN.—Solo, "O heart, that, sad and weary, dost count thy load too great."

SCRIPTURE.—II. Cor. IV., 12–18; II. Cor. V., 1–8.

REMARKS.—By Rev. H. W. Beecher.

There has come down to us from the ages the yearning and the sorrowing cry that life is so short; that its scenes are so interrupted; that its outcome, often, is so small; and especially when life has been abundant in its offerings and blessings, that death, like an untimely frost, falls upon the garden of our expectations and blights everything. There is a longing in nature itself that the seed should not perish with the blossom, but should sow itself again somewhere in a fairer clime and in a longer summer. Talk as we will in regard to these subjects (and I am not saying that that is true which we want to be true, and that there is a heaven of hope and immortality merely because we long for it; I am not entrapped in any such thought as that), we must own that this hope, which has sprung up even in the barbaric soul and rudely pictured to itself another life out of the material with which the yet unopened thought of man could best furnish itself, has grown brighter, stronger, deeper, as men have emerged from ignorance and have advanced in civilization. It meets rebuffs, resistance or a calm endurance of unbelief in only here and there a pioneering soul that goes into the realm of the uncertain future, seeking by the analogies of inferior matter to determine what shall be the estate of superior matter. And whatever men may say in regard to the organization of the soul, whether it be regarded as an immutable spirit, or whether it be regarded as the most exquisitely organized matter, one thing is certain—that if it be spirit, it does not necessarily perish with the body; and if it be

matter, it does not necessarily perish with the body; for, as rude and inchoately organized matter is subject to its own laws, as compared with the highest forms of organization, so it may be that this asserted last development of matter has laws occult and unknown to us, and is neither to be measured by our measure nor weighed by our scales, but weighed and measured by laws of its own. On either hand, therefore, I do not feel that we are driven into unbelief, or into a hopeless yearning or longing that amounts to unbelief in the continued ongoing of our personal existence organized in this life.

And why should we wish to doubt it? Why should we, who are faring through this troubled life, so often becalmed or bestormed, so often over-weighted, so continually helpless in the presence of those great movements which are going on in the visible and in the invisible world, wish to blot out almost the only hope left to wretchedness, to weakness and to despondency.

There is not a cradle which empties its contents into the grave, that does not cry out to us to believe that there is something beyond the grave. There is not an anchored love which finds itself driven from its moorings that does not beseech us to believe that there is a haven beyond. There is not one single experience of wasting strength, whether it be by sickness or by age, that does not lament in the thought that we shall have accomplished all that is given us to accomplish, and that we shall have no other chance. Whether we look to superior wisdom, to affection, or to sentiment, they all point alike in the one direction of the beyond, the greater, the nobler—in the direction of that sphere where human life, comprehensively, shall evolve and take on its next and grandest stage.

But there is another view of this subject which has its standpoint in pride and the better sense of pride. It is an emanation of that royalty which every man feels in himself; for there is not a man worthy of the name who, at some hour, does not know that he is crowned and that he is a king; and by as much as we feel the sweep of intellect, and survey our knowledge, and the power of knowledge; by as much as we feel heroic impulses and are driven to noble and generous deeds thereby; by as much as we have those flashes and intimations, obscure though they may be, but of endless power; by so much we refuse to die and to be dead eternally; by so much we demand that there shall be to us something beyond (even in their best estate) those miserable experiences of life which are rebuked day by day by our ideality, and which day by day are put under foot and measured at their true value by our imagination.

When, therefore, there comes to us, clear as the unspotted heaven washed after storms, and associated with all that is most venerable and useful, a faith that brings with it all the most noble minds that ever lived on the face of the earth—when such a hope hangs over the future, why should we forge missiles to destroy it? Why should we smash the bells that are ringing out this hope, and bearing us on waves of music over the rude difficulties of life, into the blessed conception of another life?

And where shall we find expressions more simple, more manly, and more sublime, than those that were uttered by the apostle Paul, in these fourth and fifth chapters of the Second Corinthians? Where is there a thought of death that so rebukes the ineffable weakness of a poor, defrauding materialism?

Is death, then, the running down of the clock? and is that the end? Is death that which makes a man only the same as an animal or a vegetable—a decaying root, a wasted seed—that and nothing more? No; the apostle, looking down into the grave, says, "The man is not buried there. Death is buried there. Life is there testified to. Death is swallowed up in life."

We are united, then, in that grand hope which has been the best legacy of days gone by, inspired by our best feelings when we are in our most noble state, inspired by all the hopes that we have, inspired by all our pride, and inspired by the faith of immortality.

As to reasoning, when I require reasoning to make me admire the grandeur of the Transfiguration of Raphael, or of the figures which Michel Angelo painted; when I call mathematics and logic to teach me that these are sublime and beautiful; then I will need reasoning to keep my soul from belief in the degrading abomination of annihilation. Nay, I hold with ineffable faith to my very soul the bright vision of a world to come, where the glory of the Lord is revealed, and where we are lifted without hindrance or obstruction into the full sphere and dignity of sons of God.

We are gathered, this morning, my friends, at this unaccustomed hour, and in this unaccustomed place, not alone to express our profound sympathy with a beloved household whose door has been opened from the earthly into the heavenly sphere, but also to speak of one who, as a citizen and as a professional laborer in the great fields of knowledge and of attainment, has done well by the commonwealth, and by mankind. Without stopping to rank men, as to which is highest or lowest, all men are honorable who keep time to the great march of humanity and of benevolence. Some may be

leaders, and some may be subalterns. The honor of the lowest is greater than any other honor bestowed upon mankind; but as they go up and their sphere and privilege of usefulness is widened, so also is our intelligent admiration of them, and so, likewise, is our desire to express, in some worthy way, our esteem for them, and our honoring thought of them.

Our friend who has gone from us, richly endowed, holding in himself the legacy of the past, springing from a parentage that had in it a gathered excellence of the best New England sort (there may be better, but not on this soil), born under propitious influences, with the luminous door of education thrown wide open, following the bent of his genius, turned aside from one path of scholarship, from classical lore, to that scientific walk which had in it not alone a wide range of intelligence and invention, but also a wide range of instruction.

Now, there has come to be a better understanding in our days—an understanding that men who build in matter, or distribute it, or change its forms to better uses, are almoners of God's great benevolence. If one were so rich that he could give to men a thousand tons of grain, that certainly would be a great gift of benevolence; but if one should, by his invention, so alter the machinery of agriculture that the poorest man could earn a thousand tons of grain for himself, that would be a greater benevolence, and a greater gift. If one were to supply all the implements of a refined industry, himself paying the cost, that would certainly be a very noble benefaction; but if one may take hold, as a master-spirit, of all the metals, and command them into forms, and at such rates that they shall become the common property of the whole community, is not that a greater benefaction? He who supplies the lack of men gives a great deal; but he who teaches men to supply their own lack gives even more. And the whole pursuit of the life of him who has left us and gone singing to a higher bough of the Tree of Life, was a beneficence; it was an organized bounty. Consciously and unconsciously, he served his day and generation in this field; and with such fruitfulness and such success that it is the testimony of all his compeers and associates that he stood easily among the first.

But quite aside from this, his spirit, his manliness, his exquisite modesty and diffidence have plucked all the nettles of envy; and he is crowned with no thorns among the bay leaves, and stands honored because he was beloved by all those who were most intimate

with him, and associated with him in the great undertakings which have been so much to this nation and generation.

He was a man of boundless industry; a man of fruitful invention; a successful man in the execution of untried schemes largely developed through him, and through those who were associated with him, never failing to give them due praise, and only taking the least portion to himself, even if he took any. Such buoyancy, such sweetness of temper, such unaffected modesty, such genuine affection, such generous sincerity, and such a luminous manhood had he, that you who were among the representatives of that great, growing and honored class to which he belonged, desire to express in this public way your estimation of him, and to raise, if not a monument to the outer eye, yet a monument in thoughts, to the man who has gone higher.

To my thought he stands unspeakably higher, now that he has buried himself as to outward form. All that is mortal is swallowed up of life. He rests, that gave himself no rest. He shines in full, that was inclosed but in a lantern while on earth. He sought and searched, but now he knows. He tried and experimented, but now all things lie open and plain to his easy soul. He looks down from no tombstone; he looks up from no grave; but in his Father's home, where many have stood waiting for him to come, I believe in my very soul that he rests from his earthly labors, and looking back, sees that they do follow him—that the good he did upon earth is marching on, and that multitudes, unknowing who blessed them, will go to meet him in that heavenly land.

Is there any greater honor that can be bestowed on a man than to say that he took loyally all the gifts that God gave him, to use them not for himself, but in genuine modesty and simplicity for others? He lived in the atmosphere of benefaction, and was surrounded by another atmosphere of respect and of love.

His end was given to him soon. He was permitted earlier than many of us to fly away and be at rest. Not those that live longest are most fortunate, but those who live best and are soonest dismissed to their higher manhood—to the reward of divine glory.

I do not desire to pass by what perhaps in confidential conversation many of you already know—that in that transition state into which the inquiries of science have brought us, where many of the exterior forms of Christian truth hitherto given have been modified, and where some substantial truths are struggling now for a new

birth of expression, he did not accept all the views and truths of the fathers. Yet he never scornfully rejected them. He held his spirit in equipoise, waiting for more light—not light for rejection, but light by which he could reconcile the old and the new, and bring into unity the revelations of God made in days gone by, and the revelations of God which we are exploring and trying to understand and harmonize to-day.

While in the process of education it may be necessary that we should have catechetical and theological dogmas, one thing stands revealed in the testimony of the Divine Word, that all ordinances, and all technical philosophy, and all instruction, are for the purpose of producing godliness; and if godliness is the result of concurrent external influences as well as of intellectual conviction, the end is gained. Holiness of life and disposition is all that makes any religion good for anything. If you look at the sweetness of his temper; if you look at the spotlessness of his honor; if you look at the whole drift and upward tendency of his life; if you look at the fruits of the Spirit as they are delineated in the word of God, and say, "Did he not possess a larger share of these than is usually seen in those who are professedly religious? Did we not see in him the fruits of Christian thought and Christian faith?" I think there can be no doubt as to the answer. He is with God.

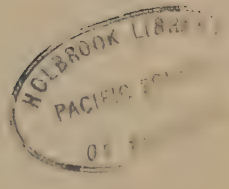
Not doubting myself, I speak of him with confidence as one that could not know any other place but heaven, and could not find a place of darkness which he would not illuminate and make light; and in the large faith that Christ and God are revealed to us not alone by the letter and in the printed book, but in the greater book that existed long before the experience of mankind found it out and registered it—in that faith I greet him, and bid him farewell, until the day shall come when we shall arise to see our Father as He is—not as through dim glasses we imagine him to be, but in the fulness and the glory of that which He is. There we shall find our friend, and there we shall rejoice with him.

Hymn.—(Written for the occasion.)

Weary hands, O weary hands!
Resting now from life's endeavor,
From the conflict, from the fever,
Lying peaceful where ye fell:
O folded hands, farewell, farewell!

Gentle heart, O gentle heart!
Faithful service thou didst render,
Beating ever true and tender;
On thee lies the silent spell:
O loving heart, farewell, farewell!

Parted soul, O parted soul!
Passed beyond this earthly portal,
Entered through the gate immortal
Into life no tongue can tell:
O brother-soul, farewell, farewell!


HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC

II.

MEMORIAL SESSION OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS.

WASHINGTON, February 22d, 1882.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM METCALF, of Pittsburgh, Pa., called the meeting to order, and spoke as follows:

When the sad news of the event we to-day commemorate came to me over the wires, my first thought was that at our annual meeting we must have a memorial service. I instantly sat down and wrote to the secretary, suggesting this meeting. By the same mail, Dr. Raymond wrote to the secretary making the same suggestion; and by the next return mail the secretary wrote to me indorsing the suggestion. I feel that, owing to the very intimate connection of Dr. Raymond with the Institute, and the more than intimate relations that existed between him and our departed friend, it is only fitting and due to him that I should retire from the chair, and make this not exactly an Institute meeting, but a Holley memorial meeting in truth and reality, and to call Dr. Raymond to the chair, as the one who properly and fittingly ought to preside, and I have arranged the meeting accordingly.

Gentlemen of the Institute, we are met to-day to pay the highest honor to our friend that earth can give. We are to lay bare our hearts, open the storehouse of memory, and bring to view, each in his own way, the pictures treasured there, of the rare merits of him who painted them. From the day when, in a little dingy pattern-room of a Pittsburgh foundry, I first met Mr. Holley, till the last day I spent with him in June last, the impression left is one of almost uninterrupted sunshine. Though never his client, I always found him to pour out his knowledge without stint, and if he ever asked anything in return, he did it in such a way that it was felt that a great favor had been granted, only to find later that he had left behind more than he had taken away. He was a charged receiver. His mind was full; and when anything was dropped into

it, it spilled always what at the time was of greater value. He was a gatherer and a scatterer. He gathered items and gave whole systems in return. He gathered flowers from every place, but handed to his friends bouquets of knowledge and artistic plants of rare beauty. He gathered for himself a few thousands, and scattered to his clients and friends throughout the world untold millions. He gathered all hearts into his own large heart, which shed its overflowing love on every one he met. He had a rare insight, and saw use and good where others only tried to avoid the dust and smoke which their eyes could not penetrate. Perhaps the noblest phase of his character was shown in his full knowledge and steady use of the greatest force known to man; the only force authorized by the Saviour of mankind, and left by him to conquer all the world. I mean the enduring, all-powerful, irresistible force of love. Beyond all his science, his wit, or his skill, his love for us is what makes us hold his memory so dear. His winning smile, sunny face and cordial greeting we all remember well; but how entirely they are all put into the shade by the memory of his quiet talks when the sweetness of his heart poured itself out as from a ceaseless spring! He was modest and did not seek his own preferment. He was content to let others precede him. I wish I dared tell how he once averted a great estrangement of friends in the Institute by going to each, and humbly making himself out the greater sinner; and how nicely his friends fell into the trap. We shall miss him indeed the next time the waters of strife arise. I have known him in some severe trials, and some of his disappointments as well as triumphs. I feel it a true thing to record of him: "His ways were ways of pleasantness and all his paths were peace."

I now call upon Dr. RAYMOND to take the chair.

DR. R. W. RAYMOND, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Ex-President of the Institute: My friends—for friends indeed we are, and drawn more closely together at this moment in the sympathy of mutual grief—what can I say, what can any one say, in these first days of the paralysis of bereavement, except to ring the changes on the two themes, love and loss? He was so much to us; we miss him so sorely! A meeting, and no paper from Holley; a banquet, and no speech from Holley; a cordial reunion of fraternal joy, and no smile or hand-clasp from Holley; it is more than sad, it is bewildering. We stand as those before whom the earth, suddenly opening, has swallowed up the place where their affections and their occupations

alike centred, and who know not whither to turn. Our sense of loss is almost greater than our sense of pain. We loved him deeply, dearly; but a man is not necessarily missed in proportion as he is loved. He is missed in proportion to the number of points at which he entered into our lives, and the emphasis with which he impressed his being upon ours at each point.

Mr. Holley entered the Institute in November, 1871, the first year of it existence. He brought to it a reputation already assured, a wide acquaintance and an intense enthusiasm. He devoted to it from that hour his unexampled gifts, in a spirit of absolute self-abnegation. After serving as vice-president, he accepted with joy and pride the unsought nomination and election to the presidency, because he felt that it was in his power to increase the sphere of the influence of the Institute, and enlarge its sources of power. At the end of a year he declined a re-election, resisting all solicitations to continue what had unquestionably been a most brilliant and successful administration, because he felt—what no one else felt—that in the Centennial year, we should be represented by some one better prepared to receive and entertain foreign guests. He worked harder to get out of the presidency than many men would work to obtain public honors. Who among us can remember any movement for the advancement of the interest and profit of our members, in which he was not active? Who is not personally indebted to him for something that will be a precious memory hereafter? These debts we cannot pay; but we can at least acknowledge them. For my part, among all the services which I have attempted to render to the Institute, the one upon which I look with the greatest satisfaction is, that it was my good fortune to overcome the modest reluctance of Mr. Holley, and induce him to enter upon that prominent activity in our affairs for which he was so brilliantly qualified, and which he so fruitfully pursued. It seems strange to recall that when I knew him first, fourteen or fifteen years ago, he was afraid to speak in public —he, by whose eloquence and humor we have been charmed so many times since!

He was not wont to parade his accomplishments. I remember how, in 1873, I first discovered, after years of acquaintance with him, his knowledge of architecture and his skill as an artist. It was after one of the sessions of our Easton meeting in 1873, and he was waiting for some of us who were detained in a committee-meeting. It was in my lecture-room at Lafayette College; and the blackboard stood invitingly empty. Seizing the chalk, Holley employed the

five minutes of idleness in an incredibly rapid and apparently careless scratching upon the board, and when we came from the committee-meeting, lo! there stood before us a magnificent Gothic cathedral, arch, buttress and spire complete, recalling, though not precisely repeating, the white glory of Milan, or the stately splendor of York. In all that hasty work, not a line had been thrown away; not an essential detail had been omitted. I love to think of the incident as a type of all his work—the clear creative conception, the trained skill of execution, the art become a second nature, the intuitive use of means to ends, that shone through it all.

It is by reason of his many-sided activity that it has seemed best to make this meeting a many-voiced testimony to him. No single minstrel—only a great chorus—can fitly chant his praise.

Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, of Montreal, Canada, Ex-President of the Institute: I know that all the friends around me will agree with me when I say how weak and inadequate I feel any language of mine to express my appreciation of the many virtues of our friend, and my sense of grief and desolation at his loss. I cannot, however, forbear to recall on this occasion some few incidents which are to me as landmarks in the course of my long friendship with Alexander Holley, and which now rise before me with peculiar force as grateful memories of one whose absence we all mourn to-day.

My acquaintance with him began fourteen years since, in 1868, when he was at Troy, as a member of the firm of Griswold, Winslow & Holley, and engaged in the beginnings of an industry with which his name was hereafter to be so conspicuously identified. It was as a student interested in the Bessemer process that I first met Holley, and then and there began an intercourse which ripened into friendship. I soon learned to recognize in him that eager spirit of scientific inquiry, and that patience and courage under difficulties which were to lead him to the eminence in this, which he had already achieved in other branches of his profession.

Afterwards, in 1870, I was with him in a journey for metallurgical observation and study during a week. Through parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio, visiting steel-works, rolling-mills and other establishments, in all of which his special knowledge was shown, and was freely given for the instruction of myself and his other companions, one of whom is with us here to-day to join his testimony to my own of the great pleasure and profit which we then found in the society and friendship of Holley.

Next, it was my good fortune to find myself associated with our friend as one of the Judges at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, when we met daily in the same class, and week after week prosecuted our examination in the department of metallurgy, or encountered in social intercourse the distinguished representatives of various foreign nations, who, as our colleagues, then learned to know and to honor him.

Again. I shall never forget the pleasure which I felt when, in 1878, I found myself with our friend in Paris at the meeting of the British Iron and Steel Institute. There were present three Americans, Holley, John Fritz, and myself. At the grand dinner, at which we were all invited guests, Holley was chosen to speak for the American nation and for our own Institute. I have often listened to him, and we all remember his wit, his wisdom and his eloquence, but those who were not there present have never, it seems to me, heard him at his greatest and his best, as inspired by the occasion, he addressed that brilliant assembly. How well I recall the emotion of pride which filled my heart when Holley rose and, in a glowing speech, replied to the toast of "The American Institute of Mining Engineers." As a member of this Institute, and moreover, as being like him, a son of Connecticut, I was proud to claim Alexander Holley as my friend and countryman, and as a representative American in the best and highest sense of the term, representing American science, American technical skill, American manhood, and American eloquence, grace and genius as well.

One more memory of Holley and the last. Soon after arriving in England from the Continent, I chanced, on the 10th of last November, to hear that our friend was lying sick at Morley's hotel in London. I hastened thither at once, but was met by the glad intelligence that Mr. Holley was much better and had gone out. A moment afterwards, as I was leaving the hotel, I met him coming up the stair. His joyous countenance beaming with the bright expression which we see depicted in the portrait now before us, his delighted surprise at the unexpected meeting, and the hearty grasp of welcome greeting which he gave me, I shall never forget, nor the interest with which he listened to an account of my recent travels in various European countries, and to my plans for the future. He then believed his health restored, and was to leave in a day or two for the north of England, and to join his family in Paris in a few weeks. I spoke with regret of my enforced absence from the late gatherings of our Institute, and we then promised to meet each other

at this February meeting. And so we parted for the last time. He, on his death-bed, told with evident delight to a dear friend the story of our brief interview in London, and I am here alone to repeat it to you. For the rest, you all know the sad sequel, and I feel that I cannot add another word. My heart is full, but in the words of another:

"I may not unlock my heart;
The key is gone with him.
The silent organ loudest chants
The Master's requiem."

A. S. HEWITT, of New York City, Ex-President of the Institute: I come with no set phrases to speak of our departed friend. In fact, I did not know that I was expected to speak on this occasion; but to be silent in the presence of such a loss, knowing Holley as I knew him, would be more than the heart could tolerate. I do not know who in this audience first had the pleasure of his acquaintance; my own knowledge of him goes back somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years. He came into my office; I do not know whether he brought me a letter, or whether he introduced himself to my notice, but I never shall forget, and I never *have* forgotten, the wonderful impression which that boyish face made upon me. The look of intelligence, of honesty, of calm consciousness of power was more marked in his case than in any young man who had ever come under my eye. At that time I think he was engaged in some literary work with Mr. Colburn. It was my privilege to introduce him to my old friend, Mr. Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken, one of those born mechanical engineers who understood the laws of nature and the laws of character—of personal character—alike, and made no mistakes among the men whom he chose to aid him in his work. Under his patronage Mr. Holley made one of his first visits to Europe; and in all his subsequent career he enjoyed the confidence and the friendship of Mr. Stevens and of the great engineers with whom he was thus put in connection. I think that I first called his attention to the Bessemer process, I mean to the subject of its introduction into this country. My firm had made a feeble effort within six weeks after the famous Cheltenham paper was read in 1856, to see whether pig iron could be thus converted into steel. It was three or four years, perhaps, after that, that Mr. Holley's attention was called to the matter, and he went to Europe and brought back for his friends the control of that patent. I am not going to pursue

the story of his contributions—you know them better than I do—to the successful introduction of this wonderful civilizing agent.

Men are to be measured by two standards. One is the standard of personal character, as we judge of it in each other by personal conduct. Those of you who enjoyed his friendship need no words from any one else to elevate the standard of judgment which you will apply to Holley. There is another standard by which we measure men when they have passed away, and that is by the influence they have exerted upon the progress of civilization and the advancement of humanity. Of all the men at this day, in this line, I know of none surviving him who has contributed as much to the growth of material wealth and the advancement of industrial progress in this country, as Holley did. I look upon the invention of Mr. Bessemer as almost the greatest invention of the ages. I do not mean measured by its chemical or its mechanical attributes, I mean by virtue of its great results upon the structure of society, and of government. It is the great enemy of privilege, it is the great destroyer of monopoly, it will be the great equalizer of wealth. I have no time to pursue that line of thought longer, but those who have studied its effect upon transportation, the cheapening of food, the lowering of rents of land, the obliteration of aristocratic privilege upon the other side of the Atlantic, will readily comprehend what I mean by calling your attention to this view of the subject. To these results, second only to that of Bessemer himself, the contribution of Holley is greater than that of any other man, who has lived, or who can possibly live. It is said that the world knows little of its great men; and this is true. The man who, in his closet, in the recesses of his own workshop, discovers a new law of nature or makes a new application of hidden forces by which the structure of society is changed, modified, revolutionized, is often little known in his own day, even in his own country. It may require the historian of future ages to find out what his contribution has been to the progress of humanity. But happily, in this day of rapid communication, we know better the work which is done by such men as Holley; and I think that even now, so soon after his departure, we can assign him to the place which he will hereafter occupy in the history of mechanical industry,—a mechanical engineer of unerring judgment, an inventor of the true means for great results, a lover of his race who subjected his science, his talents and his labor to the good of his fellow-men; and he will live in the memory of those who knew him,

SPEEDY BINDER
Syracuse, N. Y.

GTU Library
3 2400 00683 0529

Memorial of Alexander Lyman Holley

MA5
H724
M4

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-250
All items are subject to recall